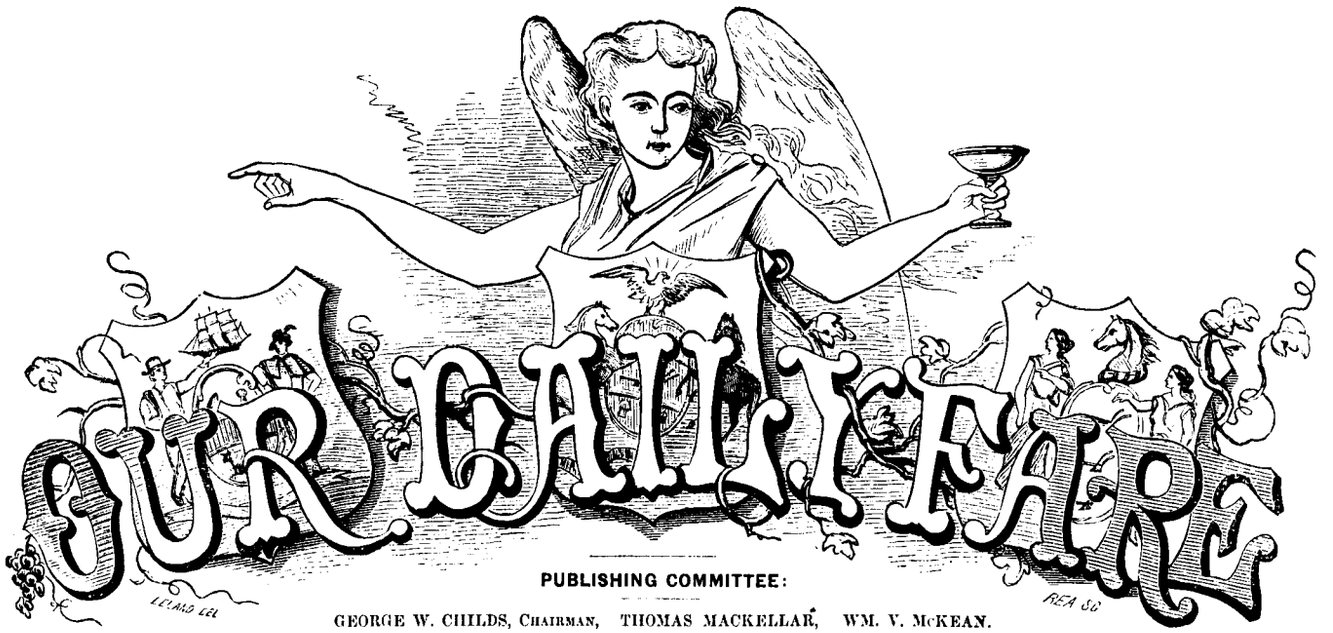

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No. 2. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 9. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 2.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

HAVING, in our first number, presented the general features of the "Fair movement," let us now return to the principal subject of these sketches, the several "Fairs" themselves.

The constant stream which had flowed to the army during two years and a half, embracing, as has been said, articles of more than seven millions in money value, had, of course, somewhat drained the natural source of supply, the homes of the country. This exhaustion was first felt in the West; not only because the contributions in kind from that part of the country had been most munificent, but also because the reserve stock was there, necessarily, more limited. At this juncture, it became necessary to adopt some expedient, not only to keep up the regular supply which had hitherto been sent forward, but also largely to add to those supplies, in view of a prospective increasing demand.

It should have been stated that the work of gathering in these supplies by means of the Aid Societies had been from the first exclusively in the hands of the women of the country. The Sanitary Commission was merely the recipient of their contributions, and the almoner of their bounty when it was received. It had nothing to do (beyond mere suggestion and advice) with the mode by which these contributions reached its depository. During the Summer of 1863 it occurred to some of those ladies who had been zealous co-workers with the Sanitary Commission from the beginning that a grand "Fair," to be held at Chicago, and so organized as to enlist the patriotic and benevolent feeling of the whole Northwest in its favor, might be made a means of replenishing the exhausted stock of the Commission at that point. To two ladies of Chicago (Mrs. A. H. HOGE and Mrs. D. P. LIVERMORE) belongs the distinguished honor not only of originating the idea of SANITARY FAIRS, but of so successfully organizing and conducting the "Great Northwestern Fair" in that city, as to stimulate by their example thousands of their own sex in other cities, who, guided by their experience, have since achieved such wonderful results for the benefit of the soldier by similar enterprises.

These ladies, associating with them a large number of others who had been the presiding officers of the more important aid societies in the Northwestern States, issued a circular calling a convention of all those interested in Army Relief, to be held at Chicago, on the 1st of September, 1863. This convention was largely attended, and most enthusiastic in its approval of the contemplated Fair. By it the plan for conducting it was definitely adopted, and all the machinery of committees and officers arranged. It was determined to make a strong effort to produce a grand demonstration of loyalty and sympathy for the soldier. Mrs. HOGE and Mrs. LIVERMORE visited towns by scores, to awaken interest where special effort was needed, and in every principal place in the Northwest "Fair Meetings" were held, which resulted in handsome pledges to the Fair, that were more than fulfilled. The whole population of the five States was roused to a state of excitement, which culminated in the splendid inaugural pageant at Chicago, at the opening of the Fair, on the twenty-seventh of October last. This pageant is described by those who saw it as "a sight such as had never been before seen in the West on any occasion," and as probably a more magnificent spectacle than was ever presented even in the streets of the Empire City itself. The procession, nearly three miles long, was made up of country wagons, vehicles laden with supplies for the soldiers, of civic orders, and military organizations both horse and foot.

From the earliest dawn of the day, the heart of the mighty city was awake, and long before eight o'clock the streets were thronged with people. Citizens hurried excitedly to and fro, and country women, with their children, came in early in the morning, with colors tied to their bridles, and decorating their wagons, and with miniature flags and banners on their horses' heads. From the house-tops, from the public buildings, was displayed the glorious flag of liberty. By nine o'clock the city was in a roar: the vast hum of multitudinous voices filled the atmosphere. Drums beat in all parts

WASHINGTON IN PHILADELPHIA.

[Two Original Letters from Washington, Contributed to Our Daily Fare.]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

EDITOR OF OUR DAILY FARE:

I send you two unpublished letters of Gen. WASHINGTON to Gen. SCHUYLER, now lying before me. They respectively, have a local interest for us both, one having been written at Poughkeepsie, and the other at Philadelphia.

The first of the subjoined letters was written ten days before the British evacuated the city of New York, at the close of the Revolution. WASHINGTON had received a verbal message from SIR GUY CARLETON, on the 6th of November, at Rocky Hill, New Jersey, announcing his intention to withdraw his army from New York, as early as possible. At that time, a part of the Continental Army was at West Point, on the Hudson, under General KNOX, and WASHINGTON proceeded to that post to make preparations for the evacuation. On the 14th of November he went from West Point to Poughkeepsie, twenty-four miles further up the Hudson, where GEORGE CLINTON, the Governor of New York, had his official residence; and in consequence of the interview between these public officers on the evening of the 14th, CLINTON, on the following day issued a proclamation, giving notice of the intended departure of the British. On the same day, WASHINGTON wrote the subjoined letter:

The second letter was written while WASHINGTON was on a visit to Philadelphia, a year before his death. At that time, war with France was expected, and WASHINGTON had accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Provisional Army then raised or about to be raised for the occasion, on the condition that General ALEXANDER HAMILTON (alluded to in the letter) should be the acting general-in-chief in the field. At the time when he wrote the subjoined letter, he was in consultation with General HAMILTON, PINCKNEY, and others, concerning the organization of the army.

B. J. L.

Poughkeepsie, June, 1864.

[COPY.]

"POUGHKEEPSIE, 15th Nov., 1783.

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that SIR GUY CARLETON has announced to me his intention to relinquish the forts he holds on York Island from Kingsbridge to McGavan's Pass inclusive, on the 21st inst.; Herrick and Hampstead, with all to the eastward on Long Island on the same day, and, if possible, to give up the city, with Brooklyn, on the day following; and Paulus' Hook, Denyces and Staten Island as soon afterward as practicable.

"From this disposition I have great hopes that in case no accident should happen, I shall have it in my power to congratulate you on the full possession of this state by its Government before the close of the present month.

"With the greatest esteem, I am, dear sir,

Your most obe't, humble servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

The best respects to MRS. SCHUYLER and your fireside.

Major-General SCHUYLER."

[COPY.]

PHILADELPHIA, 4th Dec., 1798.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have been honored with your letter of the 20th ult., and congratulate you, very sincerely, on the favorable change you have lately experienced (as I have been informed) in your health.

"I wish it may be perfectly restored.

"I persuade myself, that it is unnecessary for me to add that, if health and other circumstances had enabled you and Mrs. SCHUYLER to have visited Mrs. WASHINGTON and myself, at Mount Vernon, it would have been considered as a most pleasing and flattering evidence of your regard; and the more so, as neither she nor I, ever expects to be more than twenty-five miles from that retreat, during the remnant of our lives.

"But, strange to relate, here I am! buried in scenes far removed and foreign from any I had contemplated when I quitted the chair of Government.

"Your grandson, Mr. CHURCH, has all the exterior of a fine young man, and, from what I have heard of his intellects and principles, will do justice to and reward the precepts he has received from yourself, his parents, and Uncle HAMILTON. So far, then, as my attentions to him will go, consistent with my other duties, he may surely count upon me.

"I pray you to present me (and I am sure Mrs. WASHINGTON would unite in them if she was here) to Mrs. SCHUYLER, in the most respectful terms, and let me pray you to be assured of the sincere esteem, regard, and wishes of the most affectionate kind, of

"Dear, sir, your most obedient and

"Very humble servant,

"G. WASHINGTON.

"PHILIP SCHUYLER, Esq."

A NOBLE TESTIMONIAL.

The following letter from a soldier tells "briefly and bravely" what the Sanitary is doing:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1864.

Miss ————, Member of Ladies Executive Committee of Central Fair of Sanitary Commission:

For the past two months on arduous duty, and often compelled to seek shelter in the tents of the Sanitary Commission, I have often intended to acknowledge my obligations to that organization through the press, but want of time, together with other causes, has as often prevented my doing so. And, to-day, accident, rather than anything else, prompts my acknowledgments, and to you. On duty at Alexandria, Va., engaged in distributing recruits to the several armies now in the field, I have often found myself with detachments of men, when night was falling around me, with no place of shelter, and never yet have I applied to the Sanitary Commission in vain. The accommodations they provide are not—cannot be—excelled in the army, while those in charge are always kind and obliging. Until the last bed is full, until the last blanket is exhausted, and the last vacant space on the floor is occupied, no soldier, either sick or well, is turned away. The amount of expense incurred is necessarily great, but the good done is more than proportionate. In no possible way can money for the alleviation of misery and suffering in the army be so well applied. I speak from my own experience, better than that of many others, from the fact that I have been, in the discharge of my duties, to every corps, and to nearly every division and brigade in the Army of the Potomac. More than the foregoing is deserved, less I could not say and be just.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM AUSTIN,

1st Lt. Co. G, 107th N. Y. Vols.

THE ART GALLERY.

Among the most remarkable features of the Fair, the Art Gallery deserves special mention. A single room, four hundred feet in length, is of itself a wonder; but when we think of it as lined at the distance of from three to ten feet from the ground with excellent pictures, it will be readily admitted that no exhibition of the kind was ever before witnessed in America. And these pictures are truly excellent, having been, notwithstanding their vast number, carefully selected. Had the Committee on Art taken *all* which were available, they might have filled a gallery of twice the size of the present one. The best private collections from Boston to the Border have contributed their treasures, thanks to the Committee, aided by the indefatigable exertions of Messrs. JOSEPH HARRISON and JAMES L. CLAGHORN, who did all in their power to ascertain where the choicest pictures were to be found. This part of the Fair alone is in reality well worth far more than the price of admission.

OUR HISTORY OF THE SANITARY FAIRS.

We give on our leading page the first of a series of articles by Mr. Charles Stillé, devoted to a history of the Sanitary Fairs which have been held in this country. We believe that we are guilty of no idle vaunt when we venture to commend these papers to our readers as one of the most valuable records of the *domestic* history of our war ever written.

ty strong, amused his Self and famaly by firin at us frum the windose.

'The Sannitary Fair, Sarjint Miller,' sade Betsey, 'is a grate, big, tremendous, ever-so-large show they're gettin up in Philadelphy, for the benny fit of the poor wounded soljers!

'Bully for *it*!' cride I.

'And i'm a workin for it'

'Bully for *you*!' wus my responce.

'*Every* bo(y's a helpin and given' she continued.

'Bully fur Everybody!' I annsered. 'Good all round! Say yor wil Betsey and draw yor rations. I know that Sannitary.....and i'm *on* it.....if i'm on annything on the face of the expansiv yerth. What cum to me of old wen i was shaken like a yeller Leef in a hi Wind, with Fever nagy in the swomps of the Chicken Hominy and bade me arise and put me strate? .....the SANNITARY! What saved me as i was crawlin about after Ann tyetam, half smashed and all starvin, and cum the Good Samarrytun over me, and heeled my wounds?.....the SANNITARY! What tended to me at getysburg..... and nursed me well..... the Lord bless 'em forever! Betsey,' I continward, as my eye rested on her rapped gaze, and passed to a waggin outside, labeld CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SANITARY FAIR, in witch she had aperently cum as boss.....'first cum first servd.....letter A gets the top of the coffy.....*Heer* is my stoar..... *thare* is yor cart.....plunge them fary fingers into wotever yo like best.....it's free foragin here and fur whatever is too hot or too heavy cawl upon this remaneing arm! Sale in!'

I berried myself in the newspaper that I mite not be a Check on the proseedings.....like as the Curnel sed wen he saw his Ordaly steelin a good hors.....and pulling the sheet over my hed.....Was soon lost in the Abiss of a Editorial explancin so fooly the movemence of our Army as to render it pretty plane wy we never ketch enny of the Enemys spize..... *They dont need em.*

Wen i cum to, Betsey had departed, leaving behind her a hole in my Stock abowt large enough to swaller up twist the remainder..... like as the bird sed wen she cum home and fownd that sumboddy had used her nest as a baskit to kerry off the egs in.....But no vane regrets asaled my Sole.....a feelin of Pride at doin a Big thing swep over me, not unmickst with Vannity.....wen I found on the Desk a noat.....extreamly well rit by Betsey Morris.

"Dear Sergeant. You are a noble fellow, there is not another Gentleman in town or out of it, who would do as you have done. I expect by using your name as example to honor our whole Country, and save hundreds of lives. Yours truly.

Elizabeth B. Morris."

B. stands for *Blummenbeet* her Mother's famaly name.....and no more at precent from

Your friend ISAIAH MILLER.

Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

THE VINE.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I

I sing the vine—the western vine,
The newly found, but not unsung—
Whose magic to the minstrel's tongue,
Made music flow through every line.
Within its mellow amber deeps,
A mild and soothing spirit dwells,
As innocent as that which sleeps
In Poesy's Castalian wells:
Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

II

From east to west, this vine shall spread,
Embowering all our vales and hills,
And half of all our daily ills,
Shall vanish where its light is shed;
The fields are joyous where it grows,—
It makes the rugged hill-sides glad,—
And where with vines the porch is glad,
There dwells the spirit of repose:
Then bless the wine—the mellow wine
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

III

The fiends that lurk in burning draughts,
Shall no more poison cups of ours;—
But when with us young Bacchus laughs,
O'ershadowed by our vineyard bowers,
The God shall think his cup is filled
With honey-dew, at morn distilled,
By Flora from her purest flowers:
Then bless the wine—the mellow wine,
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

IV

And yet, beneath these glorious skies,
A nobler vine o'erarches all,—
In its support, or in its fall,
A mighty nation lives or dies!
Its boughs are weighed with Freedom's fruit,
Beyond the hungry fox's reach;—
With sturdy shoulders, each to each.
Come, let us guard it branch and root!
And bless the wine, the sacred wine
That flows from our great UNION VINE!

Cincinnati, 1864.

FAIR—AND SOFTLY!

A correspondent of the Small Captious kind, has sent us a note commending us to place the word VANITY before that of FAIR—and referring us, for further particulars, to a work by the late Mr. BUNYAN.

As our S. C., or Small Cap correspondent, writes badly, forming his *u*'s like *a*'s, we found some difficulty in extracting from the library the book in question. The first pull gave us:

Banyan. Some account of the Banyan Tree on the River Nerbudda. London: 1816.

This would'nt do. We tried again, and brought up a worldly-minded and profane play, entitled the Boiled Onion—labelled on the cover, in writing, as follows:

B. Onion. A Mellow Drama.

This was very much like young widowhood with a fresh lover—which has been defined as in the soft, and past the tearful stage. We let down the line again. Net result—

Bunions, Corns, and their Cure. By a Chiropedist.

In silent wrath we tried once more, and attained to The Pilgrim's Progress. Of this excellent work, which no gentleman's library should be without, and whose author's name, we doubt not, will yet become eminent, we have nothing to say. But we must declare that we failed to detect the slightest resemblance between Vanity Fair, as described by our late young literary friend BUNYAN, and the Great Central. The only hook on which we could hang the first clue to an identity was in the fact that in Mr. BUNYAN's Fair they are said to have kicked up "a German Row," among others—while it cannot be denied that in ours there *is* a Dutch Kitchen.

If *this* was our correspondent's joke, all we can say is that it is a very poor one. If it was meant for "von grand moral lesson," as the Frenchman said when he whipped the monkey, it was still worse. SOLOMON, who, in spite of Boston, still retains a certain reputation for wisdom, is said to have declared that ALL is Vanity; and, such being the case, we do not well see how we are to get out of it. Vain or not vain, the man who does *his best*, in this life, for suffering humanity, probably passes his time about as well as the Small Caps who go about sneering at enterprise which they have not the nerve or generosity to imitate. As it is we have far too many of them everywhere.

"Ask us some more of them hard ques'-huns?"

OUR PRIVATE POST OFFICE.

[LOT THE FIRST.]

——— TABLE, CENTRAL FAIR, JUNE 8, 1864.

DEAR TOM: What made you look like such a guy yesterday? Yours truly,

AMELIA.

[*Answer.*]

SMOKING DIVAN, DITTO, DITTO.

MY DEAR AMELIA: Since you so kindly inquire the cause of my sprained ancle, and my black eye, my torn coat and my bad cough—*ah-hem!* I would say that my sprained ancle was occasioned by standing on tip-toe and trying to look over a three-story bonnet, at my Amelia in the distance; my bad cough by inhaling the dust raised by the ladies' "trains" on the *pave;* my black eye by a scratch from an oyster-shell worn in a lady's hat, and my torn coat by a bad fall caused by catching my foot in a small hoop-skirt with 416 springs. So soon as I am able to be out, I intend to enlist in the 999th Mass. As for matrimony, that is quite out of the question during the continuance of the present fashions.

Your despairing friend,

THOMAS WIDEAWAKE.

[Endorsed: "Glad he's going—the brute!

"AMELIA."]

of the city summoning the various processions, or accompanying them to the grand central rendezvous. Bands of music playing patriotic tunes — bands of young men and women, singing patriotic songs, enlivened the streets. Every path-way was jammed up with human bodies, so that it was with extreme difficulty any headway could be made.

It had been originally supposed that, as the ladies had undertaken the management of the Fair, the articles exposed to sale would be principally such as had been hitherto sold on similar occasions. But the men soon became inoculated with the Fair mania, and voluntarily came forward, pledging large donations in money and merchandise.

The mechanics, too, offered their machines, and gave them in, one after another—mowing-machines, reapers, threshing-machines, planters, pumps, fanning-mills—until a new building, a great store-house, had to be erected to receive them. They gave plows, stoves, furnaces, mill-stones, and nails by the hundred kegs; wagons and carriage-springs, plate glass and huge plates of wrought iron—one, the largest ever rolled from any rolling-mill in the world—block tin, enamelled leather, hides, boxes of stationery, cases of boots, cologne by the barrel, native wine in casks, purified coal oil by the thousand gallons, a mountain howitzer, a steel breech-loading cannon, a steam engine, pianos, organs, silver ware, crockery, trunks, pictures, boat-loads of rubble stone, loads of hay, and grain, and vegetables, stall-fed beeves, horses, colts, oxen, the gross receipts of the labor and business of certain days—in short, whatever they had of goods or treasure.

The principal point of attraction at the Fair appears to have been BRYAN HALL, described as "transformed, for the nonce, into a bazaar rivaling those of the Orient in gorgeousness and bewildering beauty." Here were collected, in apartments appropriately decorated, all the rich and rare articles of taste and beauty which were to be converted into the means of sending relief to our brave boys.

Nor was there any lack of purchasers. From eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and frequently till a later hour, Bryan Hall was densely packed with an eager and interested crowd. The same is true of all other halls in use of the Fair. To judge from the liberality of the crowds of new comers, one would have supposed that each carried the inexhaustible purse which the Fairy gave Fortunatus, for there was no higgling about prices —no backwardness about buying. People were eager to invest in the Fair. If the sales slackened, the fair traders had but to utter the talismanic words, "Buy, for the sake of the soldiers," and they proved the "Open, Sesame," to all purses and pockets.

There were various special departments, which have been so successfully imitated in the Great Fairs held since: a German Department, an Art Gallery, Manufacturers' Hall, a Curiosity Shop, and last but not the least important, a Dining Hall. As the arrangements for conducting this last department were somewhat peculiar and illustrate the wholesouled liberality of the western character, it may be worth while to give a sketch of them.

Lower Bryan Hall was occupied as a dining and refreshment Hall, and the promise of the ladies to dine 1500 people daily with home comfort and elegance, was amply fulfilled. The city was thoroughly canvassed for donations to the Fair, every district being taken by a lady and faithfully visited by her. The names and residences of all who would contribute to the dinner-tables were taken, with the articles they would furnish, and the days when they would furnish them. The canvassing over, a meeting of the canvassers was held, and the aggregate supply for each day ascertained.

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. I.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., [On the Merryland Border,] May 10, 18,60,4.

To the *Daly Fare.*

Respectd editer.....Esquare

Wen I returnd last Fall from the War .....Where my rite hand was left, bein dropt .....in consequents of a sudden colisiun with a very Hard Shel (with a Copper Hed) witch exploded at getysburg.....it seamed to me that life had so menny crosses that I was farely Plaid out.....I had found myself in a suden succeshun of astoundin evence.....like as the mowse remarked wen he walked down The ten Pin aley during a lively Game.....and was as it ware amazed.....Thare was I.....cawled on to play in the grate Gaim of life.....with nary Hand.....and yet had egsited grate antisipations.....like as the Eg Plant observed wen found in the Hen's nest.....ever sence I had been permoted to a Sarjency.

I soon contrived to make the left Hand correspond.....tho I sometimes spel bad yet..... and by Dint of practis.....witch makes perfect, as the widower said who lerned to rite by sineing so many marriage certefikets.....I have lerned to eet my dinner in a way witch may bee regarded as emanently successful and trooly gratifyin.....espeshelly wen tarrapins, sof shels, or rost turky is the subject mater. But to obtane the aforesed tarrapins and turky.....Even in this Dutch town of Huckleberry, on the Merryland line, where they abound, takes *Munny*.....and to git my sheer of this moral representertive of soshial walues .....I have gon into commerce and opend a small stoar suplide with unherd of luxuries .....like as the rat trap exclamed wen they bated it with Limberger.....of witch veriety of cheas fowr ownces is enuff to indoose a Dutch regement to dessert..... and not stop til they cum to their Lager.

In this stoar.....whare yo kin find all the different aliments of projuce as wel as Poperlation witch abound on the Merryland line..... i have for nearly a yeer despensed with unsparin Hand the varis bountis of nater in the Form of apel buter, coffy essens, broomes, plows.....makin the uttmost display witch my limeted meens wil admet.....like as the Coonskin sed, wen itt was stretcht and naled on the barn door.....Thare i sot, day by day.....deelin out sumtimes dry goods to a rum custumer .....and sumtimes Rumm goods to a dry custumer.....reedin the citty papers alowd to my more ignerent clience.....and passen over in subdewed silents sutch porchens of army infermation as i judged should *nott* be Alowd .....As there is a good manny Suthern simpythisers in these plantins i have deamed itt good pollisy to read out.....about twist a day..... fore artikels from every wun paper.....detalein the summery maner in witch sum of ther frends have had a Fall from the Galloes .....and the wild yels of delite with witch ther leeps into attorneyty wus haled by mirryad milyuns of grattyfide Patriots.....In extempory composition i am Trooly great.

Such was my course of life until this Spring.....like as the Shadd remarked wen he cum to the hed waters of the Chessy peek..... wen wun mornen i wus startled by a cawl from my lively naber miss Betsey Morris..... hoo sudenly leeped throo my stoar winder, tutching me with her foot as she past buy..... I wus picken up sumthen frum the floar at the time.....and I was farely capsized as tho smit by an other bung-shel.....i reely thot that Natur was indulgen in a new getysbug!..... Wen i recuvered I found myself seeted in a small ril of molases witch flew frum an upset pint, and wus drawin fur itself a mapp of the potomuck over the bords:.....i bein the Situashun.

'*We gates*? Betsy' says i.....as the eesiest way to make her mad.....her muther is Dutch .....i mist fire.

'Better off than you are just now,' was her promp reply.....'Come Mister Sweetness..... jump up!'

'The 'lasses is gone! ses i, rather rewfully, surveyin the seen of conflikt.

'Yes—and the lass is *cum*,' replied Betsey.....'Here i am Sarjint.....strate from Funkstown.....with orders to report to you for supplise for the Sannitary Fair.'

'What sort of fare, whatever on yearth is *that*,.....i replide.....my rath vanishin before her winning way.....as she remuved the molases from my cote tale with a wet Towel..... in a maner witch indicated Disintrested Regard .....like as my Company wunst remarked wen they was twist detaled to purtect the dwellen of a Secesh who arter closin his howse up put-

THE POET'S REPLY

To a request to contribute to "Our Daily Fare."

Why in these breathless, sleepless times,
When every hour is like an age,
Should poets pair the rusted rhymes
That climb in every school-boy's page?
Are these the days for idle songs?
Are these the nights to doze and dream
When all our fiery manhood throngs
A perilled nation to redeem?

Yet blame not him whose slender tone
Blends with the stirring battle-call;
'Twas but a crooked ram's horn blown,—
Down crashed the Godless heathen's wall!
A word of cheer may nerve the blow
That turns the conflict's trembling scale,
And he that never saw his foe
May pierce him through his triple mail.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Boston, June 4, 1864.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

Description of the Various Departments. Gossip of the Fair.

THE Fair opened, yesterday morning, with a great throng of visitors; "fair women and brave men" thronged the avenues and departments; contributors were hurrying in their final goods; fair young dames, with whole parks of artillery in their flashing eyes, and with tasteful scarfs upon their plump shoulders, were hurrying around like Lieutenant Colonels upon a training day, and "things looked like business." The initial number of *Our Daily Fare* made its appearance just at the nick of time, and the sheets, hot and fresh from the press, "went off like hot cakes." At noon, or thereabouts, the Executive Committee determined to close the buildings for the day, to re-open at ten o'clock this (Thursday) morning, in order to finish up the decorations, and to make some necessary improvements in a portion of the carpenter work, for reason explained elsewhere. This *interregnum* has enabled us to jot down some of our observations concerning how things look both outside and inside at the Fair.

Let the reader imagine a park, iron-railed around, amid handsome public buildings and private houses, the whole neighborhood abounding in trees. Across its centre passes a gallery of boards, more than sixty feet wide, and *five hundred* feet long, shaped *en ogive*, or like a Gothic arch, rising directly from the ground, and producing, of course, precisely the effect of a ship upside down—realizing more accurately than was ever yet done in any cathedral the origin of the word *nave*—from *navis*, a ship.

On the sides of this great nave, called Union Avenue, and adown its centre, tables glittering with every variety of brilliant and beautiful fancy wares are ranged. Those who will pause at the second centre table from the door will find it devoted to the sale of *Our Daily Fare*, the voting for the GARIBALDI dagger, and the Book of Honor. The tables beyond it are filled with perfumery and other articles. Four hundred feet on the north side of this park are devoted to an Art Gallery, containing the largest and incalculably the most valuable collection of paintings ever seen in America. On either side of Union Avenue are two enormous circles, each more than 100 feet in diameter—the one a very beautiful restaurant, the other a fountain, and the finest floral display ever made in Philadelphia.

The parallel and intersecting avenues which surround this ground plan are respectively devoted either to special subjects or to separate delegations; as may be inferred from the following, by no means complete, list. There is an old Pennsylvania Dutch kitchen, admirably arranged, and a "William Penn's parlor;" an engine and boiler room; rooms for Committee Meetings, the ice-house, fish pond, fountain, skating pond, brewery, bank, police room, divan, water-color paintings' gallery, the tobacco department, that of agricultural implements, the fancy ball, exhibition room, German Club, confectionery department, and, finally, the long ranges devoted to every variety of solid domestic manufactures. New Jersey and Delaware have shown a glorious spirit in maintaining the credit of their people; and it would be difficult to point out a yard of space in which great taste and zeal have not been manifested.

In view of our pre-arranged plan, we will first take up for description,

THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES.

This Department is one of the most interesting of the numerous exhibitions in the Fair. It runs at right angle with Union Avenue, and the entrance is near to the eastern door. Two smoke stacks of the Monitors in front of Charleston flank the entrance, and not only guide the visitor, but also attest the terrible effects of modern weapons of war. Within the Department, the decorator has exhausted his resources in order to secure a magnificent display, and the result is a rare combination of bunting, cannons, arms and trophies artistically arranged. At the northern end of the room there is a collection of muskets, swords, spears, &c., arranged in a semicircle, tier after tier, the whole surmounted with an eagle and American flags. The effect is very fine. Within this circle there are a number of interesting trophies. The two brass guns presented by the Dutch Government to Admiral VAN TROMP in 1673, attract much attention. Between these a warrior in full armor stands guard.

The prowess of our American soldiers upon the battle fields of the Revolution, the war in 1812, the Mexican war and the Rebellion, is well illustrated by the numerous trophies arranged on the tables and along the walls, and the gallant Jack tars contribute their share of flags and sword captured from the enemy on the ocean. The collection is arranged by divisions, and each table is decorated with the flags of brave Pennsylvania Regiments. Their worn and stained folds speak more eloquently than any inscription of the deeds of daring performed by those who rallied beneath the stars and stripes. Rebel flags captured by our soldiers are also made to do duty as decorations.

Scattered throughout the department are cannon, muskets, swords, shot and shell, each of which has a history. There is a solid 10-inch shot fired from Battery Gregg—and its broken particles attest the strength of Philadelphia's pride, the New Ironsides, on whose deck it lodged. A ten-inch shell, fired from Fort Moultrie, forms its companion piece. A 13-inch shell, from the siege of Yorktown in 1781, rests near these Rebel shot. It was found at Yorktown, eighteen feet below the ground, and when the Rebels were retreating from West Point, in May, 1862, this shell was taken in a train captured by the Union troops. Samples of canister and grape-shot are also exhibited, and a comparison of the modern with the more ancient is suggestive of the rapid strides made by the Yankees in the art of war.

The most formidable of these shell is a 150 pound Parrott, two feet in length, calculated to penetrate even the sides of an iron-clad. Oval shields are placed at regular intervals along the walls, and in these there is a display of small arms, some foreign and others domestic, but all valuable by reason of the history connected with them. An English cavalry sword, taken at Toulouse, in the fight between the English and the French; rebel bayonets from Chicamauga and Missionary Ridge; a sword used by Gen. GIBSON during the Revolution; and a sabre borne by General REYNOLDS in the Mexican war, are among a few of these articles. An ugly looking Bowie knife, taken from one of Forrest's cavalry men, attests the ferocity of the owner. It is 20 inches long, and weighs about 15 pounds. One of the rarest curiosities of the display is a Scottish claymore, nearly 5 feet in length, and with blade 2½ inches wide.

This sword was used by Colonel DONALD MACGREGOR, of Elengyle, father of ROB ROY, during the struggle between the Covenanters and the Cavaliers. Mr. ROBERT MACGREGOR, a lineal descendant of ROB ROY, has made this rare contribution, which is a relic almost out of SCOTT'S famous romance, and certainly out of one of the most interesting portions of Scottish history.

An Albanian pistol, from Constantinople. JOHN BROWN'S spear of Harpers Ferry notoriety; a Chinese matchlock taken at Barrier Fort; and a French canteen from the battle-field of Waterloo, are exhibited near together and attract much attention. A trophy from Shiloh, consists of the lock of a musket. The inscription gives the history, as follows:

"This is the lock
That cracked the cap
That fired the gun
That carried the ball
That caused the fall
Of General Johnston."

The shreds of the flag of the Fifty-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers are enclosed in a frame, and covered with a glass. This regiment opened the battle at Gettysburg, and won imperishable renown in the three days' struggle upon those bloody heights.

Gettysburg is well represented in the department, and a handsome sum will, no doubt, be realized from the sale of relics from the battle-field. At one of the tables there is a large collection of goods, rendered valuable by reason of the association with this battle. These relics are offered in the form of walking

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1864.

OUR FIRST DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

TO tell the honest truth, our experience in Fairs has been of the most limited character. We have, in rural neighborhoods, attended fairs, and, in a meek sort of way, have erected churches, enlarged chapels, improved wardrobes (clerical), and performed, often, good works, which modesty and want of space forbid us to mention. This we have done mainly through the agency of worked slippers and embroidered suspenders. Not wanting these articles, of course, enhanced our merit in our own eyes, and paying a good price for them, enhanced our merit in the eyes of others. We found the business gratifying, easy and meritorious. It never struck us, until two days ago, that a fair had to be got up. We somehow received the impression that slippers and Afghans, and all those breezy and fleecy sort of things that women wear, got themselves made up, and, with a little carpenter and joiner work, made up a fair. Of course, now we come to reason about it, we see our error, but then we had never been on a committee.

Being on a committee, in fact, on three or four, the point from which we regard the matter is different. A fair, regarded from the top of a ladder, or in connection with a glue pot, impresses men somewhat differently. Your feelings are not so concentrated; then, perhaps, you feel it all over you, more especially in the small of your back and in your legs. These emotions were entirely new to us, and, up to the present time, have increased rather than diminished. We are in hopes, in a day or two, to be "off" our legs again for a few minutes, and to experience other sensations, if not of a more novel, at least of a more interesting character.

Our critical judgment, perhaps, has been more exercised than our legs. We have agreed with every female member of our committees on every suggestion that they have made, and when you consider the variety of the suggestions, and their utter inconsistency with one another, you may imagine the mental strain upon us.

We have expressed a decided preference for so many colors; we have been so certain that articles hung crooked and hung straight, and ought to be up and ought to be down, that our mind is in a perfect whirl; our critical faculty is so exasperated that our toilet, which formerly gave us no trouble, has become a matter of the greatest concern. To part our back hair properly now seems impossible, our cravats are always crooked, and it takes us at least a quarter of an hour to put our hat on perfectly straight. Strange suspicions are instilling themselves into our domestic circle! This devotion to our person is misconstrued, and gives rise to injurious reflections. This particularity about the parting of our hair seems suggestive not of other partings but of other meetings. We are considered conceited, when we only desire to be correct; the victim of some designing female, when we are only a sacrifice to an over-excited sensibility.

THE FEAST OF TANTALUS.

It seemed to be the rule, whether laid down by the authorities or established by common consent, we know not, that the opening day should be one of exhibition and not of sale. The first day of general admission would thus find the Fair undiminished in its proportions, and shorn of none of its attractions. The rule, we think, was a very good one, but a very trying one to the parties interested. The tables were ready, the guests had arrived, the waiters were on the alert, but no one was invited to partake of the Feast. This, to an ardent saleswoman, was trying; to an enthusiastic youth, burning to possess some of the handiwork of his lady-love, positively exasperating.

The Restaurant Department was, of course, absolved from all restraint in this particular, and was in the active fulfilment of its destiny. This increased the uneasiness elsewhere. Persons were observed eating ices who ought to have been buying pincushions; reckless expenditures were noticed in poundcakes, which should have been reserved for walking-sticks. To the eyes of the other Committees, they seemed to be eating not the usual articles of diet, but letters, newspapers, chinaware and cabinet furniture. The day, however, at last came to an end, and left the unemployed fresh for the morrow. The day of that morrow finally dawned, and we are glad to hear that both sellers and buyers have fairly avenged themselves for their former self-denial.

THE TEMPORARY CLOSING YESTERDAY.

Shortly after noon, yesterday, the Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair deemed it advisable to close the buildings until this morning, at 10 o'clock. This was not from any imminent danger, as was currently reported, but from an excess of caution on the part of the Committee, who wished to put the occurrence of accident beyond the pale of ordinary possibilities. Of course a great many absurd reports were started into immediate circulation by those not well informed about the matter, and Rumor unfortunately had, on this occasion, a large addition to her usual number of tongues. Some had the "trusses" giving way, others had the "braces" caving in, and still others had the "abutments" of the "gothic arches" falling down. A great many other startling things had likewise happened. All this had the appearance of a very alarming condition of affairs, especially to those to whom the mystical technicalities of builders and architects were like so much Greek. When you come to talk of the infirmities of "braces" and "girders," and "abutments" and "trussed arches," it is not difficult to get up a panic on a very slender foundation. We have a painful recollection of a severe shock once experienced in our editorial person by being told, on a Lake Erie steamer, that the "cylinder crosshead was working loose." What this might be was a profound mystery to us—that might mean anything, from a trifling delay in the voyage to the instant explosion of the boiler. It was, however, all set right, in about a minute and a half, by a few turns of a screw. So in the present case, of the Fair Buildings, the whole matter amounts to nothing more than the shrinking of a few short pieces of scantling, which does not impair the security of the building at all, and which will be set right by the judicious expenditure of a dozen pounds of nails. The arches of the Union avenue are in no more danger of falling than those of the cathedral opposite, for their foundations are in the solid earth.

OUR KIND NEIGHBORS.

We trust that the visitors to the Fair will not forget to note the contributions to its attractions which were due to the exertions of our "more distant" friends. We refer especially to the gifts and labors of many warm-hearted "Jersey Blues" and "Blue Hen's Chickens," as well as of those in our own State. In the great cities, where every facility for varied and ingenious work is at hand, it is sometimes no easy matter to give a striking specimen of attractive handiwork; and, when we carefully examine what many ladies have done who are unprovided with such aids, we must warmly acknowledge the zeal which has been displayed.

THE GRAND ISSUE.

There is one great thought about the present war that should never be forgotten. It is this: the cause of free government is on trial, here and everywhere, now and for all time. The Union soldiers are fighting the battle of republican freedom for all the world as well as for ourselves, and for all coming ages as well as for the present.

Great, then, as our home efforts appear to be, they are dwarfed into insignificance when viewed by the side of their noble work; and we shall have to surpass by far everything yet done before we accomplish anything approaching the height of their deserts.

other famous poems, each with the signature of the author. It will be, we understand, for sale at the Book Stand, Union Avenue, close by the corner of New Jersey. Apropos to these autographs we are reminded that lately while examining a valuable collection of papers belonging to MRS. WILLIAM BIDDLE, of this city, we found among them the original MS. of Hail Columbia, with a full autographic account of the circumstances under which it was written, and with the signature of the author....."Come and see at the Delaware table, the splendid Afghan which is to be presented to Commodore DUPONT?" said a young lady to her cousin. "You should pronounce it *Hav-gone*," was the travelled gentleman's reply. "But you *hav'nt gone* yet," was the answer.....We are happy to learn that in contributing to the Fair, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, has not been backward. From a list published in the Doylestown *Democrat* we should imagine that there are but few gentlemen in that thriving little town who have not given money, and certainly *very* few ladies who have not worked for the Great Central.....We venture to speak a word in favor of the table devoted to *Our Daily Fare.* On it may be found the celebrated dagger of GARIBALDI, borne by him in all his battles—depicted in all his portraits, and berhymed by all the poets of Young Italy. With it we have photo and autographs of GARIBALDI—for sale —with the original of his letter to the Ladies of America; the value of which, according to Mr. MARSH, our Minister at Turin, is worth twenty double eagles. The dagger will be awarded to any one who receives the most votes; each voter paying one dollar to the Fair. At the same table we have the Book of Honor, in which any person, paying one dollar, may inscribe the name of any soldier who has served in the great War of Emancipation. .....We are requested to find a corner for the following:

"The Poet's Album, prepared for the Fair, has already been sold to MRS. ADAMS, of Boston, for five hundred dollars. This valuable and interesting book consists of autograph manuscript poems from twenty-five different authors, illustrated with portraits and an illuminated title page. Each sheet is inlaid on tinted paper, and the whole is splendidly bound in PAWSON & NICHOLSON'S best style.

"As some dissatisfaction has been expressed that the volume was actually sold before the opening of the Fair, so that Philadelphians had not an opportunity to compete for its purchase, Mrs. THOMAS P. JAMES, the Chairman of the Autograph department, is ready to receive, from any one willing to give the same, or a higher sum, an order for another, which she pledges herself shall be superior to this, as she obtained from England, too late for insertion, several manuscripts from distinguished poets, as well as duplicates of those actually sold. MRS. JAMES will reserve these until the last week of the Fair, hoping that the persons who have felt themselves forestalled by a sister city, will come forward and add another five hundred to the receipts of the autograph table. The second Poets Album can be ready for the purchasers in six weeks from the time of the order as the above named firm required a month to bind a similar volume."

The drop curtain of the Soldiers Reading Room, during the recent entertainments for the Central Fair, was a beautiful painting by Russell Smith, representing the Sanitary Commission's work at Chattanooga. A friend of ours stood gazing at it when it was first put up, and turned away with a sigh and a shake of the head, saying, "Its very pretty, but there will never be any conversation here when that curtain is down." Somewhat alarmed at the dull prospect, we inquired the reason, "Why don't you see what a Chatternugatory effect it will produce on the ladies?" There was nothing to be said.

A HIGH FLYER.

The following correspondence, which we print from the original documents, requires no comment. It speaks for itself:

SCHRAALENBURGH, Bergen Co., New Jersey, May 5, 1864.

DEAR SIR: My father, viz., Peter Beucler, has received your letter concerning the Great Central Fair, and I answer for him, as I controll the business myself since the first of April, '63. I will exert all my influence in this locality in behalf of your Fair as long as I am in this place, but I cannot do anything for you in the wagon line, as I am about closing up business to engage in a new enterprise, an invention of my own, to which I intend to devote all my time and energy. This invention is a flying machine, the production of six years study and six months labor. It is just about six years ago when I first conceived the idea of making a machine that would ascend into the elements and wend its way over towns and citties, rivers and oceans, fearing neither beggar nor king. Two years ago I constructed a small machine, simply a model, four feet high, propelled by springs. It ascended to the height of about four hundred feet; the springs being then run down, it consequently came down, just as I expected, on a stack of hay, thereby not damaging it. I then saw where improvements could be made, and destroyed the machine, lest some person should discover it and claim the invention. Last December I commenced the construction of a machine on a larger scale, and it will be completed in the course of two or three weeks. It contains a room with four windows, six feet square on the bottom, five feet six by four feet six on top, and six feet high, and has a tail to steer any direction I may choose, and is provided with forty wings, and will measure twenty-six feet between the tips of the wings, and about twenty-eight feet from the mouth to end of the tail, and will carry twelve hundred pounds, an equivalent to a little more than eight persons; to be propelled and managed by a single man. Last week I had it so far advanced as to be able to give it a trial with twenty wings. I went about seven hundred feet high, and came down again without the least apparent danger, but I found it neccessary to duble the number of wings. It will all be completed in two or three weeks. Its practical use is as follows: In time it will be used as a means of conveying passengers from one part of the world to another. Instead of going around Cape Horn or through the Isthmus of Panama to go to California, a short cut can be taken directly over the Rocky Mountains, and in one-tenth the time, and the machine will be well adapted for taking a correct map of countries, and it might also be used for viewing the fortifications of the South, thereby discovering all their schemes and plans, and other uses it might be applied to. My intentions were to have it on exibition for a few weeks in New York, and then take a trip with it to Washington; but since you sent that letter about the Fair, it struck me that the Fair would be just the place to exhibit my machine, as I will have it finished in time. I would propose to you to have the machine enclosed by itself in the Fair, and charge so much admission, and I would give you one-quarter of the profits. You can let me know by letter, as quick as possible, your opinion of this proposition; or if you have any other propositions to make I would be happy to hear them.

Yours, most respectively,
GEORGE BEUCLER.

OFFICE OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION, *Phil'a.*, 1307 *Chestnut St., May 5th*, '64.

MR. GEORGE BEUCLER:—DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 5th inst., to MR. C. J. STILLE, is received, and contents carefully noted.

We started with the rule that all articles sent to the Fair should be retained or sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, except articles of *curiosity* or *art*, meaning thereby relics and pictures.

Now this rule, for the sake of consistency, we ought to apply to your invention of a flying machine, and very much to our regret, for an invention so wondrous and long sought for would excite universal attention and admiration, and thousands would throng to behold the marvellous contrivance which has been the dream of every inventor since the dawn of history.

But should we make an exception in favor of your Flying Machine, and admit it to the Fair Buildings only for exhibition, the populace would require more than a mere assurance

canes, picture frames, and baskets with ferns and leaves.

Mrs. Gen. BIRNEY presents to the Fair the celebrated KEARNEY Battle-flag, of KEARNEY'S famous division, subsequently commanded by the gallant General BIRNEY. This flag tells a noble story; many of its bearers were killed. At Gettysburg the color-sergeant fell wounded, but the flag never fell into the hands of the enemy.

Mrs. Colonel BIDDLE exhibits the two silver urns presented by the citizens of Philadelphia to Commodore DECATUR. They contain the inscription:

"By citizens of
Philadelphia,
To their townsman,
Commodore DECATUR.
Esteemed for his virtues,
Honored for his valor."

Rev. WM. WHITE WILLIAMS has given a number of curiosities, which will be sold for the benefit of the Fund. His list is given as follows:

1 Bead of Mother of Pearl from the Red Sea, cut at Bethlehem.
1 Sandal Wood Bead from the East.
2 Olive Wood Beads from Judea.
1 Olive Seed Bead from Palestine.
1 Olive Wood Bead from Jerusalem.
1 Mecca Fruit or Doum Palm Bead, dyed black.
1 Mecca Fruit or Doum Palm Bead, dyed red.
1 Mecca Fruit or Doum Palm Bead, dyed pink or yellow.
1 large Bead of Olive Wood from Bethlehem.
1 Glass Bead from Hebron.
1 shell from the shore of the Plain of Sharon.
1 Bead of Camel Bone from Judea.
4 Olive Wood Beads from Jerusalem. Price ten dollars.

The naval trophies are very numerous, and among them we find the flags of the British ship Linnet, captured on Lake Champlain by Commodore MCDONOUGH; flag of the famous Guerriere, taken by Commodore HULL, of the frigate Constitution; billet-head of the Cyane, captured by Commodore STEWART; flag of the Alert, captured in 1812, by Commodore PORTER, of the Essex battle ship; flag of Le Berceau, a French frigate, captured by the frigate Boston, Cómmodore LITTLE commanding, in 1800; one of our earliest naval trophies. A Turkish sword, presented to Commodore BAINBRIDGE, during his captivity in Tripoli, by the ambassador SIDI MOHAMMED DGHEIS, and a sword presented to the same gallant sea-king, by General HILSOP, of the British army in East India, as an evidence of gratitude for his kind treatment of British officers on the Java, taken by the frigate Constitution, in 1812, are other notable relics.

The sword presented by the City of Philadelphia to General MEADE, and General REYNOLD'S presentation sword, are exhibited on the tables presided over by Mrs. General MEADE, near the entrance to the Department. A portrait of the gallant and lamented GREBLE adorns the walls, and beneath it is a case containing the sword and sash of the same officer. The sword presented to Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. LEECH, a brother-in-law of Lieutenant GREBLE, is also exhibited, and the artistic arrangement of the decorations and trophies at this stand attracts much attention. A stand of rifles, giving an opportunity for comparison between the different patterns used in Europe and America, is located at Division No. 4. The stand contains the Vincennes rifle, Jenks' carbine, Maynard rifle, Hall rifle, Colt's rifle, Joslyn's rifle, Sharp's rifle, Enfield rifle, Plymouth rifle, and a specimen of the long and short Enfield.

Near the entrance, and on the right hand side of the Department, Messrs. HORSTMANN & Co. make a splendid display of military and fancy goods. In their collection there is a case of silver mounted pistols, presented by the Cooper Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., to be disposed of by allotment. Mr. HORSTMANN presents a beautiful bronzed horse, with rider, in steel mail. The group stands about a foot high, and is perfect in every detail. It was made in Paris, and cost $150 to import, several years ago. The same price is named now, and the disposition of it will be by lot. Messrs. HORSTMANN also exhibit a fine collection of regalia and military trappings, and a number of costly swords.

G. W. SIMONS makes a display of swords near this stand, and the war-like character of the Department is well maintained by these two exhibitions.

Down the centre of the room, where the arms and trophies are placed, are to be found some curious relics of the dead past, and some formidable evidences of the vitality of the living future, principally in the way of artillery. Commencing at the southern end of the apartment, and nearest the door of entrance, we find a specimen of the famous "Gattling gun," which has never been used, except by General WILD, at Wilson's wharf, upon the James River, and which caused the Rebels to inquire if we "loaded the gun all night, and fired it all day." The piece looks like a cross between an exaggerated revolver and a family grist-mill, where you need only put your cartridges into a hopper, turn a crank, shoot your Rebel, and the business is done.

A little further on we find a beautiful model of a frigate, which is made of a piece of the main top-mast of the frigate Cumberland, which was destroyed by the rebel Monster Merrimac. The model is offered for sale for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, $300 being fixed as its value. Next in order comes the model of the Great Rodman Gun, lately cast at the Fort Pitt Iron Works, in Pittsburgh. It is a very monster in gunnery, looming up among its companions in that line a Gulliver among Lilliputians; but it is as harmless as BULLY BOTTOM'S lion, for, although a stout man could creep into its muzzle, a little vigorous kicking would enable him to work himself out of it through the sides. In fact this great gun is only a model, a model of wood and plaster; but so admirably executed, that it would deceive the best judges at a short distance. But its value consists in its being a perfect model, not only in respect to size and shape, but color. The following figures in regard to it tell the story, as well as anything short of seeing it could.

Length of gun, 20 ft. 3½ inches.
Diameter at the breech, 5 ft. 4½ inches.
Bore, 20 inches.
Weight, 57 tons, 700 pounds.
Weight of solid shot, 1,000 pounds.
Charge of powder, 80 pounds.

Next to the monster comes the pretty model of the famous "Swamp Angel," which was planted amid the swamps of Morris Island by the indomitable GILLMORE, during the siege of Charleston. Its construction in itself is as curious as its history. The model was made by soldiers of a New York engineer regiment, who took part in making the real "swamp angel." The miniature fortification is entirely made of small sand-bags, containing the same sand as that of Morris Island; the gun is a perfect copy of the original, and the ground around the little fort is genuine South Carolina soil. Five thousand bags of sand were employed in making alike the great fort and its diminutive copy. The "Swamp Angel" gun, it will be remembered, burst at the thirty-fourth round, and was the same which had the reputation of throwing "Greek fire" into Charleston. The fort is built square, and contains the solitary "Swamp Angel."

Between the "Swamp Angel" and the northern end of the Hall are several pieces of cannon in this range; but none of them possess historical interest, with the exception of a brass piece, which was made in Paris in 1758. It was used at the siege of Vera Cruz by the French, and after being under water for a season it fell into the possession of the Philadelphia Union Artillery, to which organization it now belongs.

HOW ARE THEY TO BE FED?

This question often arises among those who hear of the vast throngs who attend the Fair, and whose ideas of cooking are limited to a kitchen range, a portable furnace, or a Dutch oven. In the grand restaurant, Mr. JAMES A. WOOD, who has had abundant experience at the Metropolitan Fair, New York, and elsewhere, has the stewardship under his control. He has everything so organized as to comfortably feed fifteen thousand persons daily, while the Pennsylvania kitchen does its full share towards looking to the wants of the hungry. There is no scarcity of good "provend" at the Fair.

Should the Sanitary Fair have no other effect, it will, at least, develope an astounding crop of engagements. Good authority informs us that little flirtations are already beginning to show their heads, like crocuses in the spring. One of our Daily Fairies thinks the building must have really been arranged for the purpose. "First, you can go to the restaurants, where Nobody can ever find one—then, if Anybody is with you, it is so easy to say, 'In case I lose you, look for me in the Curiosities'—and then lose Anybody in the crowd, and join Somebody. Then, if you are at a table, Somebody can say so many things—if he has sense—while purchasing; and if you have a dear, good, clever Aid, it's so easy to go off on a little excursion." Just so. As we said before, look out for extra orders for wedding-cake and white satin, "when this cruel Fare is over;"—by the way, who ever heard of a fair one that was not cruel? ..... We mention, "by particular request of numerous influential and respectable individuals," as the circus clowns say, when they *encore* a song, that among the rare and curious novelties in literature, prepared for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, is the Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors," a collection of poems and prose pieces of American writers, accurately *fac similied* from the original hand-writing, and containing, among other gems, the Star Spangled Banner, Home Sweet Home, and numbers of